

3-1-1943

Glimmerglass Volume 02 Number 04 (1943)

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Recommended Citation

Phillips, Normalee (Editor-in-Chief) and Fess, Ruth (Faculty Sponsor), "Glimmerglass Volume 02 Number 04 (1943)" (1943).
GlimmerGlass. 7.
<https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/gg/7>

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Reserves Called to Active Service

Holland London Terminates Fruitful Revival

Olivet shall always note and long remember what the Lord did here through the messages of Rev. Holland London in strengthening the spiritual ties which have netted the backbone of all Olivet's history.

A definite "establishing" process took place, and many students were definitely and newly grounded in the Christian faith. The altars received students and strangers alike, and the spirit of the meetings made seeking God imperative and beautiful. The readings of Mrs. London added to the tenor of the services, and the youthful spirit of both Rev. and Mrs. London were invaluable and sincerely and admiringly appreciated.

Active Platonians Hear Dr. L. A. Reed

That active organization, Platonian Philosophical Society, has had two interesting meetings since this paper last went to press. At the first one, club members read papers on five great philosophers. George Santayana and the critical realists were presented by Wes Poole; Normalee Phillips reported on John Dewey; Clarence Kimes spoke on the neo-realists and (you guessed it!) Bertrand Russell; Paul Hornstra expounded on the epistemology of Plato; and Borden P. Bourne's life and philosophy was reviewed by Ronald Bishop.

At the last meeting, the club was especially honored in having Dr. L. A. Reed, pastor of Chicago First Church, speak to them on the Philosophy of Hocking. Dr. Reed made his paper still more interesting by adding bits of his own philosophy.

This semester has proved fruitful to Olivet's Platonians. Their meetings have been well planned and well presented. We're thankful for their existence as a part of our college.

EXTRA!

News has just come that Olivet's Professor L. M. Marquart missed two classes on the morning of Monday, March 8. Never before in Olivet's history has such a calamity occurred in this particular professor's classes. Reason for this peculiar action is not yet known. Friends of the Professor say that it is all because he and his family were moving from Kankakee to Bourbonnais. Is this the reason? We can't know but 'tis strange! 'Tis strange!

Pawn My Word! What A Party!

All-frosh cast — soph nite of ease and enjoyment. Pep prevailing as spirit of party—Laughs in staccato succession—mostly over the antics of Pawn-Shop Keeper "Abee" Ray Hawkins — "Izzio and Suzziette", The Three Little Sisters, and a galaxy of performers—musicians and what have you —AND—The clothes, old horns, and Abee's "Please don't stand on that chair — I sell nothing second-hand here" — Eats in a sack, but good! — Thanks to the committee, Lois Gray, Charlotte Hammer, Virginia Thompson, Eva Kurtzweil, Clare St. John, and class president, Ray Hawkins — Signs announcing everything from glycyrrhiza to gondolas— games and songs — Finale! via "The Star Spangled Banner" —Then clean-up — and to bed—tired but happy.

That was the Freshman-Sophomore party.

Leist Lecture Series to Feature J. L. Peters

Olivet will be honored in this season's series with the presence of Rev. John L. Peters, general secretary of the N.Y.P.S. The first of the lectures, which will be educational rather than evangelistic in scope, is scheduled for chapel time on Tuesday, March 29. Rev. and Mrs. Leist, as in recent years, are sponsoring the series, and to them we express our appreciation.

The subject of the series will be announced later.

Miscellaneous Matters of Import

There have been a number of affairs held by smaller groups around the campus within the past two months. Typical of these was the Giant's Club party at the Leist's. The girls were filled up (not too hard a job) on refreshments served by the master-hand of Mrs. Leist, and the senior member of that household led forth with the entertainment. This year's Giant's Club, led by Lottie Tresner and Anna Morris, has as its tiniest member Eva Mae Espy who measures 4'8". Membership in the organization is limited to college students under 5'—that lets me out by almost two feet—how about you?

There have also been Sunday School parties and events of note happening in the prayer chapel. Lieutenant Gilbert Spencer spoke the other night and was well received and liked by all who attended. You know, it's surprising what that period of inspiration will do for the remainder of the evening! Try attending, huh!

To these who have left Olivet for more vital duties, we dedicate this paper, our efforts, and our prayers. God bless your sacrifice!

WALTER ATTIG
FREDERICK CHANEY
JOHN CLERICO
DON CONRAD
J. WARREN DAVIDSON
FRED DILLMAN
RAY HAWKINS
WESLEY HODGES
DON HOUGH
KENNETH JILBERT
RAY KNIGHTON
DAVID LEACH
BILL MCGILL
LLOYD MEADOWS
VIRGIL NUTT
FLOYD ZURCHER
JOE WORLEY
JOHN DAVIDSON
CHARLES OSWALT
LESTER SPRANG
ROBERT SOULE
VICTOR SUTCH
ROBERT SHROLL
HAROLD STINEHELPER
JOHN STRAHL
LORAN WING
ANDREW THOMPSON
DAVID VAUGHN
ROBERT WARD
RICHARD MILTON
RAY DAFOE
MARVIN WILSON
HAROLD STEVENSON
JOE HICKS.

WE WELCOME YOU,

Frosh—and eliminate the endearing pats on the head because you've already proved yourselves worthy of our "respect" as future carriers of Olivet's torch of learning. A full and happy future to you, and God bless you — every one!

POSTLUDE TO VICTORY MEN

Their gun is a pen
And their trench, a desk
But with their fingers they've signed

To quell, like men,
The bloody Burlesque,
And help man get back his mind.

The above is the literary condensation of the spirit and purpose of the Victory Men of Olivet College, whose spirit will live with us 'tho they have gone to do more vital jobs.

When Uncle Sam cast his Enlisted Reserve Plan bait into the restless sea of American manhood, a few Olivet students were lucky enough to be included. As they came to school, the candidates were assigned a large room above the gymnasium, and it was not long until the capacity of sixteen occupants was reached. They hailed from every extremity of the educational zone. Feet that had trod on hickory

(Continued on Page Three)

Feud Ended—Juniors Entertain Seniors

Friday, February 26 —a night of mixed-up dates, last-minute decorations, mad searches for one's own corsage, hurry to make the bus or car — but most of all, a night remembered as one of the loveliest Jr-Sr banquets yet. At the Kankakee Country Club, upper-classmen ate—chicken, with accessories; drank — cokes, root beer or orange pop from the small bar—were definitely merry, sauntering around the tiled sunroom or through the club lounge; eating and listening to an entertaining program headed by Ray Knighton as toastmaster, and including numbers by a girls' trio and Perk Moore.

Especially outstanding was Canfield Cook, lecturer, who spoke on air power and the training of air cadets today.

Both Jr. President, Craig Blanchard, and Sr. President, Ronnie Bishop, spoke to the group. Les Parrott read the Jr. prophecy, and Marvin Taylor counterfired with the Sr. class will.

Responsible for the party was Ray Knighton who chairmanned a committee of Mabel Grubb, Virgil Sprunger, Vada McNutt, John Rogers, Don Gibson, and Jeanne Olson.

"Called" Missionaries Called

Two of Olivet's outstanding students, Ruth Hower and Ronald Bishop, who will, on June 12, Ronnie's birthday, be Rev. and Mrs. Bishop, are now under appointment by the General Foreign Missionary Board to spend the next seven years in labors for the church in British Honduras.

The couple went to Kansas City where their testimonies and applications were received "favorably", according to Dr. Bracken.

The trip was eventful as well as fruitful; places of interest were visited—the Rockwell Nelson Art Museum, and the Kansas City Museum, which, it is interesting to note, cost \$600,000 as a home, and contains an organ in the foyer which reproduces the ethereal tones throughout the house.

Much time was given to attending a meeting of the District Superintendent's Conference and a General Board Meeting at our General Headquarters.

Ruth and Ronnie returned here on Sunday, tired but hopeful, after a short visit with Corporal Dale Moore.

The Nazarene Church has again put her faith in two young people who deeply deserve our trust, our support, and our sincere prayers for a fruitful future!

APOLOGY

Due to circumstances over which we have had absolutely no control, this issue of the Glimmerglass is late in coming to you. Our apologies and it won't happen again.

Board Meeting Seals Another Successful Year

Perhaps only Dr. Edwin Burke, who has directed proceedings of the Board for twenty-five years, can realize the full impact of this 1943 board meeting which was held February 9th on Olivet's Campus.

The order of business included the re-appointing of teachers and school officials, and the reading of Dr. Parrott's "Retrospective and Prospective." The outlining of plans for the coming five years embraces: the building of a girl's dormitory, twenty-five or thirty cottages to accommodate married students, and a chapel equipped to care for Olivet's expending enrollment; application for accreditation by the North Central Accrediting Association which would mean the necessity of adding at least seven Ph. D's. to our faculty; the addition of a post-graduate school in Theology making it possible to receive a B. D. Degree at Olivet Nazarene College.

"This is a large order, but we are doing business for the King," and we, the students of Olivet, shall work like the messengers we are.

Bible College Seniors Have Ideal of Service

The Bible School of Olivet College has a definite role to play in the important work of preparing men and women for the ministry in the Church of the Nazarene.

The Senior class has six members, led by Virgil Mewbuorn, president; Paul Gullett, vice president; and Albert Goldsmith, secretary-treasurer. Clifford Green represents the class in the Student Council, and Professor and Mrs. Liest are co-sponsors. The Undergraduates comprise all those not seniors, electing as their officers James Hillman, Pearl Meyer, and Genevieve Lakner; S. C. Representative, Louis K. Lutz, and Rev. and Mrs. Morris, advisers. Charles Evans is the representative of the Bible School for the Aurora.

There are thirty-five students in the Bible School; most of them are married. These men and women do not receive degrees on graduation, but a diploma, which signifies that they are ready to assume positions in the ministry of the Church of the Nazarene.

This closely-knit body of students enjoys good fellowship. Occasionally they promote get-togethers such as the one last November. Remember?

As proof of their strong belief in Olivet College, and of their deep love for her, the Seniors recently donated \$50.00 to the indebtedness campaign of the college.

POISON IVY

Life's wonderful—in another month it'll be Spring; nine weeks exams are barely in sight, and I love everybody. Vera Black's consistent practice of a different instrument every day doesn't even bother me—much. I admire the calm patience of Forrest Whitlatch in response to that eternal question—"Is all the mail up?" I miss Scott Servens, as well as all the Boys We Kissed Goodbye to Uncle Sam. I'm glad that Harold Lawrence is going with Dortha Hendrickson; Pinky Kimes is getting to go to Yale next year; Fran Bradley is taking Ray Knighton's pupils.

I thought Doris Carpenter was sweet to sick James Allen Horine—papers, candy—She really didn't forget him. —Hope Dean Durigg has a nice vacation but will be mightily glad to get her back.

Last week was hectic—everyone was popular. Both the Jr.-Sr. Banquet and the Frosh-Soph Pawn Shop were fun—they told me—I was home with a toothache. Olive Purinton's new white formal was beautiful — And the orchids!!! — Congrats to the Indians! It cures me to think that Perk Moore will leave—he is really funny. — Leo Baugus is now a first class private — Thelma June Cass seems to be doing all right for a second semester newcomer — No wonder — that soft Texas accent packs a mighty wallop!

Johnny Rogers is really enthusiastic about that choric reading. And did they have to sing "God be with You Till We Meet Again" at that Reserve Chapel program? — So now that I've got that out of my system I feel really mean and nasty. In that frame of mind I'll start all over—from another angle, trouble may be a bubble, as Shakespeare says, but why does it have to be a blooming foam? I'm lonesome—everybody's gone—somebody said there were eighty-one guys left on campus—a bad average.

Why don't Olivet coeds wear hats to church on Sunday mornings? And where was the O-Club president the night the O-Club had charge of N.Y.P.S.?

All I ask—was it necessary for John Hieftje to act like a goof a every basketball game? Great big prickly thorns to you people who borrow—money, clothes, history notes—and never return!

Boss Ross has settled, apparently, for one little Starr twin, and Johnnie Strahl for the other one — and Norm Bloom is sticking longer and closer than a brother to June Spaulding. S'pose Vivien Baldwin must have a continual fine in the library—Bless her!! And why don't those students with the melodious voices learn that our outside neighbors just don't appreciate their talents when manifested on buses?

Those haircuts of Fermin Andrews, Hubert King, and Gene Shoemaker—I don't like—and why is Ben Lemaster such an introvert?

Is Evelyn Bowman going with Dean Starr or Don Johnson? Oh Phoo!—this is enough!!

I thought—fleetingly—that this semester would be different but I find I'm.

'Azzever,
P. I.

FROM THE
EDITOR'S PEN

A great vote of thanks goes to whoever was the inspiration for all of the painting and cleaning in the Ad. building. We're a very grateful student body.

From this day forward, let's all resolve to write long, long letters to the boys in service. They're the ones who are getting the bad breaks from this war

THE OLIVET

Glimmerglass

Vol. II., No. IV., March, 1943

Published monthly by the students of Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Illinois.

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business—so come on, Olivet; let's show our boys that we're grateful!

And, fellas, if you read this, wherever you are, remember that we're behind you—We love and appreciate you and miss you more than you miss us, however much that may be—We know you're fighting for yourselves and us and for what we all think is right. When it's all over, you can come back unafraid. This will still be your kind of school, and we'll still be your kind of people because you've fought to keep us your kind.

God bless and keep all of you.

The lack of pictures in this paper is due to the fact that our printer, Mr. Christman of the Kankakee Offset and Engraving Company, died. Since his method of printing entailed no added expenses, we were able to use pictures but now because of the expensiveness of regular printer's cuts necessary to other printers, no more pictures will be used.

Things We're Grateful For

That Dr. Jeffrey McCombe came to us as a chapel speaker. We'll never forget the wonderful privilege of hearing this gentle, yet forceful Christian minister sound out the challenge of this question "What is Religion?"

"ON THE LITERARY SIDE"
with CHAR

If you'd like to spend a few hours in quiet hilarity, in a state of mind which would, without a doubt, banish seriousness for a time and leave you eligible to "exit laughing", read "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay". It's written by Emily Kimbrough and Cornelia Otis Skinner, the latter being the author of "Excuse It Please", which I'd likewise recommend to everyone from faculty "down".

"O. H. W. Y. and G". however, is a riot of Cornelia's Capers and Emily's escapades. As two girls, not a day over 19, they set out from the East Coast of Canada to see the world from the 3rd deck and thru rose-rimmed sun-specs. They're shipwrecked, reinstated, and set sail again—all before they're quite conscious of what's what in Pamona.

While enroute to England, Cornelia is afflicted with measles and a terrific case of wilted pride. Her pictured conception of herself is rare; the illustrator's conceptions are even "rarer". While they're having a pretty "measly" time of it all, they take account and find themselves considerably in the red — still seeing spots before their eyes. They "land", however, and proceed to "poitob" the peaceful people of the country with their moronic maraudings; all carried on in an attitude of tourist-like wonderism.

This book may now be found in our library, but maybe you've decided now, definitely, that this is not the book for you; read it, however, and see—you'll see!

WHO'S WHO

Wesley Poole—Senior

One fourth of the Orpheus Quartet and Sunday evening song leader. Independent — and I do mean "cocky". However, he's friendly through it all — even when he has no customers for his Senior announcements. Call him "Poodle", but don't question his efficient Nook "waitering." Of ministerial intent.

Darlene Christiansen—Junior

Sweet and stylish. This is the little gal who accomplishes so much in extra-curricular activity. Friendly to everyone, while displaying a constant personality that's really admired. Congrats on your Aurora work! You're proving a keen "town girl", Dar!

Paul Baker—Sophomore

All-round campus favorite. This Buckeye is one of our number-one clowns. He works (?) in the dining hall and is a real sport in any field. A true Christian, often found in Prayer Chapel in the wee hours of the morning. We're proud of you, Baker! Success!

Lois Yingling—Freshman

Radiant Red. A freshman Orpheus member showing voice quality; the obliging "Red" who is willing to display piano ability as an assistant with terrific harmony—and we couldn't forget that sparkling, dimpled personality that can take plenty of kidding. Remember the women's softball season?

June Measell—High School

What we'd call a "darling." Even though only a high school senior, she manages to rate with the best of them. Everybody likes her violin playing. Little and

Diary, Dear:

If only nine weeks were up so I could conscientiously and righteously bring down those remarkable standards of conduct I set up at the beginning of the semester! It's really getting hard—I'm so tempted to giggle in class with Marge Howe, write notes to Dorothy Knight, letters to my mother—but no, I'm a studious child.

Must be that I'm getting soft—the going of the Reserves really got me—Johnny Strahl, why, he's just a sweet kid; Ray Knighton, one mighty good guy; Ray Hawkins, such a promising fellow; J. Warren, of the bubbling personality; C. Oswalt and V. Nutt, status—married; Kenny Jilbert, of basketball fame. Olivet's really proud of them—as well as others—Bob Soule, Louis Gale, Bob Ward—poor old Olivet Convent. With the faith that we must have in times like this I have to keep believing that some day they'll all come back. Bet Madge Killion isn't weeping that hubby, Robert, was rejected. Hope that Ray Knighton gets officer's training so he can marry Beth Reed.

Diary, I really enjoy Prof. Marquart's Wednesday night class on World Problems. He deserves a medal for being able to keep everybody interested for a three-hour stretch—Remind me to congratulate Bill Lampton for getting Vona Ethridge to say, "Yes". — Guess E. Kendall's trip to the Leach home was a definite success.

Won't Ruth Hower and Ronnie Bishop have a wonderful life in British Honduras? Oh,—think I'll

blonde.

Laurence Aspen—Bible College

Grade "A" student with a wonderful "listening-to" quality accent. Fair and dependable, he should get around more, for everybody needs to know him just for the good his calm, well-poised and well-balanced personality can do you.

Faculty Footnotes

Are you having dif-faculty this semester? If so, meditate on the many virtues chalked up on the praiseworthy side of a teacher's record.

Thanks to Miss Durigg for a freshly-painted reception room in the dorm—truly a labor of love.

Roses to Miss McCullough for being one of the best conversationalists around. Sorry she was ill but glad she's better.

Prof. Marquart's efficiency is unequalled.

We can't say too many nice things about Miss McKinley. An all-around professor with an interest in everyone.

The mighty Giants say "thanks" to the Leists for a fun-filled party.

The witticisms of Doc. Howe are wonderful — and his calm deliberation as well.

The simple sincerity of Prof. White and Prof. Strickler gets my vote.

Can you imagine Miss Bump without Miss Fess? A true friendship, if I ever saw one.

Prof. Goodwin is unpretentious, but doesn't he know his stuff?

Oh, good land, if I keep this up I'll have the faculty in wings, halos—chubby little cheribims. That would never do!

PEOPLE YOU SHOULD KNOW
AND WHY

Irene Sallee: because she's sincere and friendly.

Jeanne Wells: because this is her page of the Glimmerglass.

Freida Reiss: because her consistency is inspirational.

Ed Pratt: because he's so obliging.

Irving Sullivan: because he likes Jeanne Strahl.

Cliff Summers: because he brings us what we want most—mail.

Join the Waac's with Doris Shaefer or the Waves with Edie Trout—for my money, Edie could roll along singing the enemy down. Life's getting awfully complicated—maybe sleep will help.

G'night, diary, dear.

Glimmerglass

presents

BERNIE ALBEA

Twenty-one years ago in the home of Bernice Albea, a baby was born—Bernie! And it came to pass that the child grew and waxed wise in this Anderson, Indiana parsonage—so wise, in fact, that her life story would seem almost incredible because of its many outstanding features. Bernie's outstanding feature, by the way, is her friendly frankness, combined with an unusual ability and versatility, especially in music.

Her talent for music led her into channels of renown at Arsenal Technical High School, Indianapolis, Indiana, where she was a member of the nation's best high school choir (this statement is unconfirmed). She was also program chairman of the Music Club—appropriately enough—for Bernie herself was, as she is now, a very sociable person. This statement may be verified by one Marvin Taylor.

Bernie graduated as class secretary, as a member of Technicaal Legion Honorary Society, as being among the upper ten percent of the class (all A's!), and, therefore, eligible for entrance into Olivet Nazarene College.

Her first year here was successful—in fact she was campused only six times. She was also the instigator (more commonly referred to as chairman) of the formal Freshman-Sophomore party held at a Danville Hotel.

As a sophomore, she was class secretary. For one and one-half year she had charge of the music office. Bernie was recently elected to "Who's Who", which is no small achievement. She is also active in Forensic Society.

In three months she will be the worthy possessor of her B. Mus. degree, and twenty-three private students in addition to two classes of music students will be lamenting her graduation. However, we'll be drying our tears when we discover that to teach music to Olivet students is to be Bernie's lot.—So we'll be seeing her next year, too!

An Open Letter to the Boys at Camp

March 8, 1943.

Dear Fellas—

They tell us that there are really only two things you're interested in hearing from the folks back home—do we miss you, and does your girl still love you?

Speaking for us all, we certainly do miss you! Seems as though you'd all been gone for ages, and we can hardly wait until you get a chance to come to see us. Hurry back as soon and as often as you can.

Now as for your girls, we can't say but the night after you all left, there were lots of tears shed! Virgil, Eris Jean is as lovely as ever, and you'd be proud of the way she can take your being away. Rosellen is a peach, Chuck, and she surely deserves a lot of letters because she's being swell, too, about the army taking you.

Johnnie, June was tickled when you called—both times. You two make an awfully cute couple. More power to you both! Incidentally, your "family" misses you, too! Dave, Esther is lonely, and it's pretty tough for her, but that diamond helps loads. Most of us didn't have a chance to say, "Congratulations," but we say them now and really mean them. You'll write often, too, huh? Raymond Joseph, we all miss you—boys and girls alike! Hear you've been having a little shoe trouble and hope that's all the difficulty you have. Give Beth our best when you write.

Thelma was so sorry to miss your call Sunday, Bob, but it made her very happy to know that you tried to get her.

Fred, Doris Fisher looked mighty sweet in church last night but mighty lonesome, too. We don't think you have to worry any about her writing.

J. Warren, the Sextette is lost without you, and so is Dorothy; so keep your chin up and be as good a soldier as you were a fella.

And, Kenny, Basketball just isn't the same any more—and "Tex" is looking for a letter.

Well, fellas, have to quit now—outa' space but will write to the rest of you later. Remember to write to us, and if there's anything we can do for you, just let us know.

Love to all of you,
The Gang at School.

P. S.—While the Editor isn't looking we're dodging censorship

Eating Is One Big Job!

Kitchen Help Should Know

There is a lot more to this job of eating than meets the eye, or should I say mouth? Let's go back into the kitchen about half an hour before lunch. It's a busy place! Chef has the food almost ready to dish up. The door opens, and in comes Betty Jean Riddle, Dorothy Wilson, Mabel Grubb and Jim Rice, (nice job, don't you think!) Thelma Rose, June Spalding, Harvey Finley, Walt Vastbinder and Doris Schafer. They do the noble job of transferring the food from the kitchen to your table and then attempt to keep you supplied with it. Chef's noble assistant, Ben LeMaster, also does his part.

About twelve-twenty the famished horde (meaning you, my dear readers) starts coming in. You are likely to hear such remarks as "Wonder what we're having this noon? Oooh, I really like that." and "What's cooking? Horsemeat again!" Come now, you know it isn't true; we haven't really reached that stage, yet,—better not fuss till you really have to.

Miss Durigg taps the bell, and everyone rushes for a table. About the time we're seated, in come Carmel Carroll, Vada McNutt and Ruth Ann Griffith, tsk! tsk! Speaking of things not to do, let us remember that the head of the table is hostess; let her ask the waiters and waitresses to get things for the table.

We get up to leave. If you think the meal is really over, go out in the kitchen and watch the dishwashers and wipers. They'll

long enough to ask you, Louie, to please keep Normalee from worryin' about Texas and you so we'll have the paper more often.—That means keep those letters flying! And we'll be a very grateful group of people.

be there a long time yet.

So-o-o, you don't eat in the Dining Hall, huh? Well, let's take a look into the Nook. It's really crowded in there at noon. If you want a seat you'd better get in there before twelve-fifteen. If you have a class you'll just have to stand until the rest are through. If you can flag down Jesse Martin, Wes Poole, or some other waiter, you can give your order. Notice the line waiting to see the charming cashier, Ginny Parker.

Almost any hour of the day you can come back and get something to eat or drink. Cokes, if they have them; candy bars, they have them once a week—but alas, no sundaes! (Note) We aren't complaining either.

MATCH TIPS—Continued

Two ceremonies and two approaching weddings have taken the spotlight in the eyes of Olivet's romanticists. On Christmas Eve in the candle-lit Prayer Chapel, Dorothy Hanlin became Mrs. Richard Bushey. Dr. C. J. Bushey, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. C. Morris, performed the ceremony.

Another of this season's nicest weddings was that of Eris Jean Montgomery and Virgil Nutt. After a mid-semester honeymoon, they returned to take up residence in their Bourbonnais apartment. Virgil is now a member of the U. S. Army.

We've been missing Joy Ashley and might add that her absence is explained by the fact that she and Orville Maish are looking forward to a certain day this summer. Ruth Richards and Charles Evans are also making plans for a June wedding. The best of everything to you—always—in all ways!

Postlude—

(Continued from Page One)

nuts in the Hoosier State and those that had waded through corn cribs in Iowa trudged up the steps; hands that had dangled in the waters of the "Land O' Lakes" and those that had fondled black gold in the slush pits of Southern Illinois turned the door-knob and entered their "pro-tem" home.

The first few nights were spent on army cots in a room which reminded one of a bald-headed man as far as conveniences were concerned. However, a remarkable transition occurred with amazing rapidity.... The army cots were crowded out by soft, luxurious beds in which, it was rumored, presidents have slept. Spacious wardrobes mushroomed into existence, and following close upon their heels came a substantial number of durable desks. Where once whiskers were sawed at and peach fuzz pulled at because of the lack of running hot water, now a cheery vapor, denoting hot water, hovered about in an up-to-date convenient bath room. Icebergs were dislodged, and icicles defrosted and a warm friendliness developed among the "Victory Men". After a few

weeks they decided to organize in an effort to make their "barracks" a high spot of Olivet. Harvey Finley was elected "Admiral", and after much experimenting, a system of merits and demerits was instituted. A list of rules, designed to develop self-discipline and leadership qualities, was drawn up and enforced. One rule was: Rise at 6:00 in the morning, make beds, and be ready to fall in line to march to breakfast by 6:25. Each member began with a sergeant's rating, the heights or depths attained being up to him from then on.

Now, as you of the Upper Room stand on the threshold of the future and cast apprehensive glances toward the ominous uncertainty there, a burst of gratitude surges up for the opportunity of having had you here. We feel that you are well equipped to face the issues there, and a warm spot will ever linger in our hearts for you. We hope that Olivet's prayers will pave the way for your footsteps on the Sands of Victory.

SEE PROF. GOODWIN

for

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LOCKER LINGO—by JIM

Open comes the locker door, but the sound of its banging another locker does not have the joyful ring of old. Within the musty interior we see shadows passing to and fro. Slowly they take form, and our heads drop, our hand trembles; our eyes moisten, as we recognize the khaki forms Pvt. John Strahl comes before our eyes, A tall, lanky—"awful swell" fellow, Indian center and outfielder. He was a great athlete, now he's a great soldier! Slowly he disappears, and we grin through our sorrow as we grab the next arm Pvt. Virgil Nutt stands there—tall, straight, smiling, every inch an athlete—every inch a soldier. He looks longingly at a red Indian jersey with a large No. 7 on it. Why? That's the jersey he wore while ringing up more points than any cager—Those ball shoes in the corner—Oh, he wore them while pitching the Redmen to a couple softball titles Slowly he moves on Pvt. "Chuck" Oswalt walks up; he's smiling, but what did we expect of him? He always smiled. He smiled as a husband, he smiled as a student, he smiled as an Indian athlete, he smiles as a soldier! A 100 percent fellow who will go places in the army! Pvt. Joe Hicks, and he smiles too! Why is it each shadow smiles, and with each comes a pang in our heart? Joe played baseball and basketball for the Indians; now he's shooting guns instead of baskets, hitting men instead of balls! Joe's shadow moves on into the mist.... Surely this is all we must bear, but, no! our trembling hand is "glued" to the door as we see more forms, more shadows—all in Khaki—there's a kinky, red-headed soldier! Pvt. Kenny Jilbert, by name. We had fun playing with him in all sports. His eyes seem to moisten as he glances at us, longingly, from the musty interior of the locker. Our lips say, "Good luck, soldier", but our voice can not be heard! He moves on They move faster now. It seems they are answering a distant call as they file past Pvt. J. Warren Davidson marches by, a drum held 'neath one arm! A really decent fellow! Pvt. Ray Knighton, towers there; his shadow filling the locker; his heart is as big as he! Pvt. Ray Hawkins, Pvt. Bob Shroll, Pvt. Ted Chaney, Pvt. H. Stinehelfer, Pvt. Dave Leach, all file past us. They smile, but our smile "freezes" on our face! A-C Bob Ward and A-C Bob Soule grin at us Oh, it is enough. We leave the door stand open as we stumble dejectedly to a corner of the room! Our shoulders drop; our head bows; a tear drops unheeded to the concrete floor. War!! Why must it be?

Indians Declared Champs As Spartans End Long Reign

U. S. Army Places Two—Nutt, Hicks on All-Star Five

Working swiftly after the completion of the society season, the Athletic Committee of Olivet College composed of Professors Jones, D'Arcy, Strickler, McKinley, Marvin Taylor and Esther Kendall, respective president's of the boys and girls "O" club, convened to elect the all-school team. Three Indians, one Trojan, and one Spartan for a total of five were designated instead of the usual eight as in previous years. Comprising the team were forwards, Virgil Nutt and Jesse Martin; guards, Orville Maish and Kenneth Foust; and center, Joe Hicks. With the exception of Freshman Joe Hicks, who will receive his numerals, these men will receive their letter awards at the close of the school term. Following are thumbnail sketches of the members of this all-starr aggregation.

Virgil Nutt—Indian forward. Stands 6' tall. Chicago, Illinois. High scorer in the College with 93 points. Especially dangerous with one-handed push shot.

Jesse Martin—Trojan forward. A 5' 9" lad from Worthington, Indiana. Led Trojan offense with 88 points. Probably the speediest man on the floor at any time.

Joe Hicks—6' 1". Another Hoosier. Although he participated in only four encounters, he proved his talent as an outstanding cager. Scored 46 points before he left for the army.

Orville Maish—5' 10". Indian guard and coach. Hometown—Louisville, Kentucky. Outstanding set shot artist, ranked third in College scoring. A capable manager.

Kenneth Foust—5' 11". Spartan guard and coach from Anderson, Indiana. An all-round performer.

TOP TEN SCORERS				
Name	Soc.	TP.	G.	Ave.
1 Nutt (I)		93	7	13.3
2 Oman (S)		91	8	11.4
3 Martin (I)		90	8	11.2
4 Maish (I)		89	8	11.1
5 Foust (S)		77	8	9.6
6 Strahl (I)		59	8	7.4
7 Rice (T)		56	8	7.
8 Jilbert (T)		52	8	6.5
9 Hicks (I)		46	4	11.5
10 Finley (S)		44	7	6.3

Trojan Warriors Capture Second

For seven years the Spartans reigned on the pedestal of Olivet's basketball monarchy, but under the competent leadership of Coach Orville Maish, the Indians have again captured the coveted title. Following a three-way tie after the completion of the third round, the Redmen had to go all out in an overtime encounter to register a 40-39 victory over the powerful men of Troy who took second place honors. They proved conclusively their championship caliber in the final game when they severely trounced the hapless Spartans by a 59-37 verdict. On the previous night, the Trojans had handed the Spartans a 50-42 reverse. Leading the Indians attack, as he did all season, was Virgil Nutt who counted twenty-one and seven points in the two matches while Orville Maish was ringing up totals of twenty and fifteen respectively. Speedy Jesse Martin was the outstanding cager in the fourth-round Trojan drive which netted them second place as he poached thirty-two points in his final two games. Oman, "lanky" Spartan forward, led the scoring for the vanquished as he countered eight field goals and ten foul shots for his twenty-six point total.

Looking back, it was a nip-and-tuck battle pleasing the fans and harassing the coaches, especially John Hieftje, the woe-joy thermometer of the Trojan bench.

Men of Troy Win "B" Team Scramble

The second team basketball race ordinarily occasions little interest from Olivet students, but some recognition is due these "scrappy" players who support their societies wholeheartedly while practicing for a first-team berth. Led by "Big Gun" Beeson, the Trojans this year took first honors with a record of seven wins and one defeat. Ted Chaney and Connie Clendenen—before his promotion—sparked the Indians to second place with a 5-3 record. Roger Ward consistently starred for the Spartans who landed in the cellar.

Five Straight Wins Give Lead To Spartan Six

Riding the crest of a five-game winning streak after having lost the season's opener to the Indians, the women of Sparta appear to be well on their way toward capturing the girls' basketball title which for the past several years has been held by the Trojans. The Indian girls with a 3-2 record, dropped 1½ games behind the leaders when on March 19 the Spartan girls, although competing with but five players, handed the Trojans their fourth loss as against no wins. The outstanding play of Coach Marg Howe and Forward Eva Kurtzweil has been further augmented by the sensational play of Freshman Ida Koopman. Guards, Dorothy Knight and Essie Frost, have proved valuable on the defensive.

Highly instrumental in the successes of the Indians has been Coach Mabel Grubb with the competent scoring aid of Virginia Parker and Esther Kendall. Betty Jean Riddle deserves recognition as one of the outstanding guards in Olivet's history.

The cause of the Trojans would be black indeed if it were not for the consistent play of Betty Allen whose left-handed push shot is constantly gaining the respect of opposing defensive players. Characteristic of Olivet has been the hard, clean play, and interest in this girls' sport is rapidly gaining.

Eager Ping-Pong Entries Seeking Vacated Titles

Friday evening, March 12, at 6:45 P. M. the Athletic Department of Olivet College will sponsor a full evening's entertainment featuring the annual ping-pong tournament. Since both Leo Baugus and Thorneita Clinton, last year's victors, are absent in preparation for their country's service, two new champions will be crowned on the thrones they vacated in the men's and women's singles. A new title, the mixed doubles event, should also attract a group of promising entries. The Payne-Miller and Rogers-Jolliff duos will be among the favored competitors for this title and will provide able contestants in the singles events. Other outstanding threats for the men's title will be Carrier, Maish, Foust, Oman, and J. Rice. Corrine Kauffman, last year's runner-up, will be back to try again against such outstanding players as Gibson, Kendall, and Koopman.

Intermatch entertainment will feature the artistry of Paul Miller, a capable and proficient performer in the art of dumbbell twirling, juggling, etc. The Physical Ed. Department, under the direction of Professor Jones will present a program of tumbling, gymnastics, and the ever-popular pyramid-building.

So get your paddles out and start practicing. But even if you don't participate, come out and enjoy yourself.

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